1: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

sufficiently severe. Happily winter is short, two or three months at most, and for the rest of the year day and night are spent mainly out of doors.

The social culture of the Burusho of Hunza is as high as their material culture is primitive. Three centuries of Islam—they are now Ismaili heretics, having been Shiahs until three or four generations ago—have not induced them to veil or despise their indomitable women, nor to abandon the wholesome tradition of exogamy between their different clans in favour of first-cousin marriage. They are freer from superstition and fanaticism than any people east or west of whom I have heard or read. Whatever be the esoteric teaching of the Ismailis of which Professor Ivanov might tell, it concerns the Hunza peasant as little as the homoousian controversy disturbs the mind of the British schoolboy. He goes his way in cheerful confidence that hard work, fair dealing, kindly affection and generosity must be as well pleasing to God the Merciful, the Compassionate, as ritual prayer or ceremonial fast, and his dreams are not broken by over-anxious fear of Hell or hope of Heaven.

The fastidiousness and personal cleanliness of the Hunza peasant are remarkable. Close packed amongst the crowd at festivals or sitting on the threshing floor amongst the workers, or entertained in their hospitable houses, we were never distressed by human exhalations or molested by parasites. The drinking water is guarded with scrupulous care from pollution by man or beast. Men and women, cooperate without embarrassment or restraint and no work is taboo for either sex, though for obvious reasons the heavier jobs of wall-building, irrigation and ploughing fall more naturally to the man, and the care of infants to the woman. But as soon as the father is allowed to handle his child, he will carry the baby proudly and tenderly out for its first airings, while boys and girls alike play with and watch over the toddlers.

Again and again, in face of the high morality and unquenchable spirit of the Hunzukuts, we were ashamed to think of what in our vaunted civilization 'man has made of man'.

admire the view with a fine stretch of terraced fields below us, quaint little stone houses with groups of trees dotted here and there, and behind all, in every direction, the great mountains. On our way back there was a small boy, of perhaps thirteen, in the ex-lucerne field: "Who does this field belong to?" Just in the boastful way of small boys at home, he answered: "Oh, this is my field and that's my mulberry orchard you passed just now, and here's my house with the big mulberry tree over it, and this is my apricot tree and that is my father over there," pointing to our earlier friend who had moved some distance off. "I'm going home now," and he came along with us chattering away. "That's one of our lambs, and that's a kid." He passed his own door and walked all the way back with us. When we came to the bungalow David imitated his way of speaking: "And this is our house, and that's our chair in the verandah, and now we are going in to eat bread." The boy burst out laughing, evidently quite aware that we were chaffing him, waved his hand in farewell, and ran home at the double to tell his family all about it.

We had quite expected that the people would be friendly, but we had no idea they would be so spontaneously forthcoming and so quick to guess what we were driving at. Already by our second day we had made two sets of friends in the two nearest houses, and were sure of a welcome as we passed.

I asked Levy Kalbi next morning whether there was anyone who could make us a wastepaper basket. Within an hour or two he came along with an armful of willow twigs, squatted in the verandah: "If the Sahib will show what shape he would like, I'll make it now." So David made him a rough sketch, and in an hour or two he had finished a capacious basket that only needed to dry for a day or two in the sun. We asked what it should cost. He was almost hurt: "You shall not pay me for it. I am already eating your salt. And a basket is nothing, anyway." The day after he came along with a bunch of goat's hair under his arm which he was going to spin, and he thought we might like to watch. Oddly, the men spin the goat's hair and the women the wool. All these Hunza people are refresh-

283 415 strip is folded and placed in the second chamber. When she has enough of these *dapping* prepared, she takes out her little spindle, also shaped at home, puts the point of it into a little dish like a small ash-tray, which prevents it from wandering about while she rotates it. Then with a *dap* of wool in her left hand and the spindle in her right, she conjures somehow a fine even thread on to the whirring spindle. So many *dapping* make a spindleful, so many spindlefuls make a ball, so many balls suffice for a winter cloak. Undoubtedly you must learn as a child. The shape of the *pfurúkus* makes it most convenient to carry; even if you have a child on your shoulders and a basket on your back, it sits under your arm and stays there of itself, one circular chamber projecting back and front. The little ash-tray is cleverly moulded by the women from the malleable mush left when they have squeezed every drop of oil from their apricot kernels. It dries in a day or two and serves for many a year.

243 There was a jolly family party who worked the fields just below our house. I used to wish the fields didn't slope down and down and we could then have watched them better from the windows. When we arrived they had just reaped two fields of wheat (which ripens a fortnight later than the barley) and piled the sheaves in two big stacks. Then they made their threshing-floor as earlier described.[1] When the floor was dry they spread the entire circle 2 or 3 feet deep with cut wheat and got a team of five cows, tied their muzzles loosely together with a soft rope round each and then drove them round to tread out the grain. It is usually a woman or girl who drives the team, but sometimes a man or boy will take a hand. The outside beast has, of course, to make the biggest circle, while the centre one just buzzes round as nearly as possible in the same spot. As the driver gently touches them with her switch she keeps shouting "Hai, hai, hai!" to encourage them. When she gets tired one of the others comes on duty and she goes and sits down in the shade of the stack. As you can imagine, it is pretty hot in the noonday sun. I joined the women in the shade where they sat spinning away and keeping an eye on the toddlers. There were two dear little girls, Shamúli and

[462] [46]

[1] [See p. 79, Cat. 116 or 243. — Ana/45]

FIRST WALKS ABROAD

There is no hard and fast rule about what is women's work and what is man's except that, for obvious reasons, the extra-heavy loads are handled by the men; but a man will gladly take a turn at driving the threshing team or carrying the baby, and a woman will readily do a spell with the winnowing fork or shovel. No job is taboo for anyone able to tackle it, and the result is the pleasantest possible family co-operation. The great thing is to get this particular work polished off as soon as possible for there are other urgent things waiting to be done. 462

322 would lead us home. A happy man he looked, though he told us that his back ached nowadays at work with lathe or plough, as it never used to do, and perhaps we had English medicines that would meet the case. We could only offer the sad tidings that we too, when we walked or rode or worked, were subject to fatigue and aches undreamt of in younger days, and that even in England the doctors knew no medicines to defeat on-coming age. This, oddly, seemed to comfort him a lot: "We're all ageing together then," he said, and we all three laughed a vain defiance at the years, "and we old ones have more skill and experience than the others, haven't we?"

462 Apart from their never-ending spinning the women have
241 many valuable crafts, though they are less spectacular than the
252 men's. They all bake a large variety of bread and scones from their blent flour—not only grains being pressed into the service, but pounded mulberries, walnuts, peas and beans, and semi-wild berries—and when *maltash* is available they make cakes and pastries of a dozen kinds. The vegetable patches are in their care, and amongst their many greens, their gourds, cucumbers and marrows, they tend a lot of plants whose seeds or leaves or flowers are valued as flavourings, and grow a little flax and mustard to supplement their apricot oil. In spring their plots are lit with the large blossoms of many-coloured poppies, whose seeds are not wasted on opium but scattered into the vegetable pot. They also grow small quantities of maize as a vegetable, but they do not consider it profitable as a major
249 crop. The kinder-hearted find a corner for tobacco for the
534 men's pipes, which circulate of an evening in the shade when
563 the day's work is done and someone tinkles a zither or tootles on a flute. These instruments are home-made like everything else, and are often very beautifully finished; we were neither of us qualified to judge of the music the players conjured up. To our unskilled ears it sounded amateurish, but eminently cheerful and pleasing. Serious music of drum and pipe and
262 kettledrum is the monopoly of the Béricho. When the women weed their crops they sort out the dandelion, stitchwort, and sorrel for their own brews before throwing the residue to
000 the cow. And they have a varied repertoire of berries, roots,

3: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

garden, no fence, to interpose a barrier. The much-frequented 000
public way, following the further edge of an irrigation channel, passes within a dozen yards and beyond lie the fields of lucerne, wheat, buckwheat and pot-herbs descending gently in graded terraces. But the ground is beaten hard right up to the verandah edge, and the more adventurous take full advantage of the right of way when they can do so without intrusiveness. So here, almost within touch, pass men, women and children on their various occasions, none without a salute or a smile, or at least a shy recognition. Fifty yards off toil a joint family party, successively reaping, stacking, threshing and winnowing the wheat and pulse crops and carrying off the spoils.

Work goes on harmoniously, without idleness and without hurry. [461]
Normally division of labour obtains, men and women have their 462 ●
recognised rôles, but the division seems regulated purely by physical 578
capacity and convenience. There is nothing rigid about it and in general each sex will freely assume the work of the other if occasion makes it desirable. In this household there are only two men, one able-bodied on whom the heaviest work falls, and one aged who can only do light jobs and rest, intermittently. There are several women and they relieve each other at the heavier work seemingly from a sense of what is the game and without prompting. There is no apparent shirking, there is no quarrelling, disputing or shouting. I have not seen or heard a quarrel yet, except a minor affair between two small boys, Voices are only raised when information has to be conveyed to a distance.

Children roam about in groups of boys and girls, or mixed family 857
parties, playing along the water-channel, chattering and laughing or retrieving the last over-looked apricots by knocking them down with stones or climbing and shaking the trees. Everyone shares without question in the harvest. Children help spasmodically in the elders' tasks; it is not obligatory. There are always one or two rounding up an errant and centrifugal flock of lambs and kids, or a single agile and enterprising cow.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

made entirely of soft pliable leather, the lower part, including the soles, from yak hide and the upper part from cow or ibex hide.

I wanted to learn as much as possible about the good people of Hunza. Therefore I was interested in their crafts and craftsmanship.

All of the cloth used in making the garments the people wear and the special Hunzan hats are woven on looms that have been in use for hundreds of years. They weave 3 distinct types of material. It takes about 3 days to weave a length of approximately 15 yards of the best cloth, which is hardly sufficient to make a man's and a woman's "choga." The woman's requires 7 yards and the man's takes 9 yards. They trade commodities in exchange for the weaving. Then, during the winter, the men of the households cut and stitch the garments into durable, warm clothing.

The village blacksmith is also the music maker. Somehow, to me, that seems most appropriate for the clang of the hammer on the anvil rings a true music. These blacksmiths and musicians live in a section entirely of their own and they seem to keep mostly to themselves. It seems that all of the blacksmith-musicians of Hunza belong to a tribe known as the Bericho.

These people were sent to Hunza long, long ago by the Prince of Baltistan who was repaying a favor rendered him by the Mir of Hunza. These people have retained their independence and identity and do not generally take part in Hunzan activities. They even speak a language of their own known as Dumaki. This is also referred to as the speech of the Doma, or Bericho, of Hunza.

These people dwell in a quaint village or a community entirely of their own located just below Baltit. The history, the behavior and the manners and occupa-

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

The house of the average Hunzan farmer was not quite as good as the average European house. In my opinion, Hunzan cleanliness is as good as is desirable when all matters are considered. 356

Cleanliness as we know it in the West is neither desirable nor is it a necessity in a country like Hunza. To begin with, they have more important duties to perform than doing a lot of unnecessary housekeeping. Usually in the West, the man earns the wherewithal to sustain the home and the woman looks after the cooking, housekeeping and the rearing of the children. In Hunza the father, the mother and the children, as soon as they are old enough to know what to do, take part in the work. You see, it is practically a full time job for the entire family during the spring and summer to procure sufficient food to last throughout the year. 356 462

Therefore it is neither desirable nor necessary for a Hunzan wife to have a lot of furniture and other things that would require work and attention in her home.

If you are trying to compare the cleanliness of the average American city or town person's home with that of the Hunzan homes, then you are miles and miles away from reality, because very, very few people of the world—especially those in the more or less underprivileged countries or in remote districts—live in homes that are in any way comparable to the average city home in America. 356

In the locality where I live, the Niagara District, the choicest locations along the lake front are selected for subdivision sites and beautiful spacious homes with fine grounds are created. That may be all well and good in America, where rich arable land is readily available, but in Hunza, remember, every bit of land that they own and use for growing their life-giving crops has to be torn from the rocks of the mountain- 361